

## holidays are hard by imasloppybitch

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**Summary:**

Richie goes to pick up Eddie for thanksgiving and walks into a war between him and Sonia. And then they have dinner at Richie's and it's nice and they love each other a lot and not everything's perfect, but they're trying their best.

(as the rest of the series, college aged au where everybody still lives in Derry atm. Also they're together at this point? so idk let's just say the series is non-linear)

## holidays are hard

Eddie had been working on his car over Thanksgiving break and it wasn't quite done, so Richie agreed to pick Eddie up. He was never quite thrilled to see Mrs. Kaspbrak but he dressed sort of nice and thought that telling her *Happy Thanksgiving* would be a nice peace offering that may last... a few days.

Eddie had the whole thing planned out. His mom always did Thanksgiving dinner early, and he never really got to eat much of anything because of *his allergies and food sensitivities* (which he stopped paying attention to outside of his mother's house and realized that none of them were valid), so he'd have room for food at Richie's house. It was perfect, because Richie's family always ate rather late in the evening.

Almost as soon as Richie knocked on the door, the wailing and screaming started. Richie thought it may have been happening before he even got up to the door, he just wasn't listening for it. He almost went back to his car to wait. He wasn't so lucky though.

The door swung open, it was Eddie, thank god, but Eddie was facing the living room, where Sonia was sitting, crying.

"I'm not going to my friend's, I'm going to my fucking boyfriend's!" Eddie said, before roughly grabbing Richie by the hand, tugging him inside the house.

"Eddie! Don't say that, you're-"

“He’s my fucking boyfriend!” Eddie shouted back before she could continue. “Because *I am gay!* Got it? And I’m gonna eat stuffing and gluten-filled dinner rolls!”

“But Eddie-”

“ *And* I’m going out for the track team next semester! Because I’ve been running with Ben and I’m really fucking fast and my lungs don’t bother me, not even in the cold!”

“Eddie, you’re killing yourself! You’re killing me!”

“No, you’re killing me! And if you try to stop me, I’m going to move into an apartment with Richie and we’re going to eat canned foods every single day!”

“Eddie!”

Before she could continue, Eddie stormed out of the house, tugging Richie with him, without his overnight bag or a jacket. He didn’t even close the door. So much for saying happy thanksgiving to her, huh? Whatever, at least Eddie was out of that fucking house for the day.

Richie almost dropped the keys unlocking his car. Eddie was in the passenger seat, seat belt pulled on, before Richie even fully opened his door.

“Holy shit,” Richie said quietly as he buckled his own seat belt, not yet starting the car.

“Drive. Now,” Eddie whispered through his clenched teeth. “Before she comes out here or I start crying.”

“Okay, okay, okay,” Richie said. He fumbled with the keys before taking off as fast as he could.

When he was still speeding after turning a corner, Eddie shouted, “What the fuck are you doing? Trying to get us killed? Or pulled over? Slow the fuck down!”

“Don’t fucking ask me to be your getaway car then shout at me!” Richie shouted, which he knew he shouldn’t have done. Eddie was stressed, he didn’t need to be stressed. He needed to be cool as a cucumber, well maybe a cranberry since it’s Thanksgiving.

“Well then slow the fuck down!” Eddie shouted.

Richie had already slowed down, but he just nodded and said, “Yeah, okay, sorry.”

Eddie crossed his arms and let out a huff through his nose.

“So... uh...”

“I really don’t want to fucking talk about it. I want to go to your house and have a nice fucking meal and then drink all of the beer at your house and pass out in your room.”

“Okay, well, maybe not the beer, babe. You always say I shouldn’t drink if I’m in a bad mood, so maybe-”

“Okay, I’m not the binge drinker here!”

“You’re an adult, do what you want, I just-”

“I don’t care. I don’t fucking need anybody telling me what to do right now!”

“You’re right, you’re right,” Richie said, fingers tapping on the wheel as a sign of surrender.

“Oh, so you’re not even going to fight me? You think I need to be coddled?”

“Listen, Eddie, baby, I know you’re stressed, you have every fucking right to be stressed. That back there fucking sucked. You can be stressed about it for a whole year, but please, please, *please* don’t make this a thing between us. I’m on your side. I will *always* be on your side, no matter what. What you did back there, it was badass and strong, and I’m so fucking proud of you. Please don’t take it out on me.”

“You’re right,” Eddie said quietly. He groaned and turned off the radio, which Richie didn’t notice was playing Christmas music. After a beat of silence, Eddie added, “Sorry.”

“It’s okay, babe,” Richie said quietly. He took one hand off the wheel to hold Eddie’s. Usually Eddie hated it when Richie took a hand off the wheel to hold his, but he didn’t protest this time.

Eddie’s phone started to buzz. He groaned and took the battery out before placing it in a cup holder. “That’s staying there ‘til tomorrow. I don’t give a fuck if the cold breaks the battery.”

“Okay, yeah,” Richie nodded. “Good idea.”

Eddie huffed softly and grabbed Richie’s hand again.

“You okay, babe?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Eddie took in a deep breath before smiling. Way too fake for Richie, but he wasn’t going to push Eddie. He let Eddie put on the new persona, god knows Richie had been guilty of the same sort of behavior sometimes (meaning his whole life). “Totally good, sorry about that. Yeah, let’s have a nice Thanksgiving, huh?”

And they did. Dinner at Richie’s house. Ever since he started dating Eddie, he found himself getting roasted at his own family’s dinner

table way more often. And it definitely made dinner more fun. Lots of laughter, no mentions of Sonia (his family knew better than to ask about her). Neither of them had alcohol with (or after) dinner. They did the dishes together. At first, Richie thought Eddie was putting on that persona from the car, but after long enough it did start to feel genuine.

That changed as soon as they closed the door to Richie's room. Richie didn't notice right away. He was too busy unbuttoning his clothes and digging through his drawers for pajamas for both him and Eddie. After tugging on some sweatpants, he turned to hand Eddie the clothes he'd picked out for him. That's when he noticed.

Eddie was leaning back against the wooden door, already crying.

"Holy shit, Eddie," Richie said. He placed the pants on his desk and quickly rushed to stand in front of him, not sure how to comfort him. "Eddie, baby, what's going on? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Eddie said, wiping his eyes with his knuckles. "Sorry, this is stupid."

"No, it's not, I know, your mom-"

"No, Rich. It's just... tonight was really nice." Eddie sniffled and then laughed a little, tears still streaming down his cheeks. "Like, I don't think I've ever had a holiday like that."

"Oh, babe," Richie said, he reached out to cup Eddie's cheek, smiling

sadly. "I'm sorry."

"No, really, it's ok," Eddie said. He put his hand over Richie's hand, leaning into the touch, smiling still. It was a sad smile, but it didn't feel fake. "I just... Thank you, Richie."

"Eddie, don't thank me. You deserve to have good holidays, you deserve to have good *days*. There are so, so many people that love you, that would do anything to make you happy. *I love you, I want to make you happy.*"

"You do," Eddie said. He sniffled and with his free hand wiped under his nose. He was lucky Richie was his boyfriend, because he'd probably be self-conscious to be gross and sad like this around any boyfriend that wasn't his best friend since childhood. "You make me so happy, babe."

"You make me happy too," Richie whispered.

Eddie laughed and wiped his eyes again before pulling away from Richie's touch. He shook his head and said, "Sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Richie said quietly. "Holidays are hard for a lot of people."

"Yeah," Eddie sighed, shoulders rising and then falling, releasing all of the tension he'd been holding. "I guess they are."



“But they don’t have to be hard forever. I mean, I can’t guarantee your mom is gonna stop being... you know, your mom, but... I mean, I know we don’t quite have the money, but we really could get a place, you know. It’d be tight, but we could do it. Get you out of there.”

“I can’t do that to my mom,” Eddie said quietly. “I know it sounds stupid, but I can’t. I’m just not ready to-”

“It’s not stupid, Eddie. It’s okay. You can take as long as you need. I can’t imagine how hard it’ll be.”

“Thanks,” Eddie said quietly. Eddie ran his hand through his hair and said, “Do you mind if I shower before bed? I just need-”

“Yeah, sure, go ahead,” Richie said. He hurried over to the desk and handed Eddie the pants and sweatshirt he picked out.

Richie sat on his bed and mindlessly played on his phone the whole time Eddie was in the shower. When Eddie walked back into his bedroom, Richie plugged his phone in and placed it on the bedside table and smiled at Eddie.

“Hey there, handsome,” Richie said playfully. He wanted to feel out where Eddie was at emotionally. If Eddie needed a break from thinking about Sonia, Richie was going to give him the break he so rightfully deserved.

“Hey, cutie,” Eddie said with a smile. He turned off Richie’s light and joined him under the blankets. He took Richie’s glasses off for him, placing them next to his phone. When they were comfortable, Eddie kissed him softly and murmured, “I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” Richie said, smiling at him. He started peppering kisses on Eddie’s cheeks and all over his face until Eddie started giggling. He went on to tickle Eddie until Eddie was slapping at his back, squealing playfully.

“God, you’re so loud,” Richie laughed, pulling away. “Everybody’s gonna think we’re fucking.”

“Richie, not to be gross, but I’m pretty sure your family knows what us fucking sounds like, and I’m pretty sure they know I’m not the loud one.”

“You can’t say not to be gross and then immediately say something gross!” Richie shouted at him, but he was grinning. “That’s not how that works!”

“Whatever, at least I *warn* you I’m going to be gross, unlike you, Trashmouth.”

“You can’t call me cutie one minute and then call me Trashmouth another!”

“The two are not mutually exclusive!”

“Ugh, you and your stupid college talk!” Richie teased, but he pulled Eddie close to him. He kissed the top of Eddie’s head and said, “Let’s go the fuck to bed so you can stop sounding smarter than me.”

“I hate when you play dumb, Richie, you know you’re smarter than anybody I’ve ever met.”

“Don’t say it out loud!” Richie said in a faux whisper, “Somebody’ll hear my secret.”

Eddie laughed and rolled his eyes fondly, “Shut up, asshole.”

“Happy Thanksgiving to you too,” Richie snorted.

A beat of silence hung between them for a moment before Eddie kissed Richie’s cheek and whispered, “Happy Thanksgiving, babe, I love you.”

“I love you too,” Richie murmured. He chuckled and said, “God I hate when you turn my jokes into a soft, cute moment. You’re ruining me, Eds, you know that?”

“Well, I hate when you call me Eds, so we’re even.”

“No you don’t.”

“Mmmhmm,” Eddie said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Richie smiled and kissed Eddie. And with that, they settled down, both of them breathing a little slower. As a calmness slowly filled the room, the two of them exchanged lazy kisses to lips and cheeks and shoulders and necks until they fell asleep, tangled in the blankets and in each other.

**Author's Note:**

cope w/ holidays by writing fics (: